

AN
ELEGY

AND

Funeral Oration,

ON

THE DEATH

Of the Reverend

RICHARD LINGARD, D. D.

Dean of *Lismore*, and Publick Professor of
Divinity in the University of *Dublin*.

L O N D O N,

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M DC LXXI.

On the Death of the Reverend **RICHARD**
LINGARD, D. D. Dean of Lismore, and publick
 Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin.

O D E.

*Immedicis brevis est atas, & rara senectus,
 Quicquid amas, &c. Mart.*

I Am convinc'd now that I was abus'd,
 I thought it once a common place,
 Rather a custom, than a grace,
 And common as the Deaths for which 'twas us'd;
 When Poets rather than their grief,
 Impos'd upon their own belief,
 Telling the World that all things rare,
 Were only symptoms of despair;

That to be early very great
 Was life's perfection, and its date,
 The only Crisis of approaching fate:
 Methought they seem'd as if they wou'd
 Perswade 'twas dang'rous to be good,
 That ripest Vertue which can only claim
 With us an immortality, was Fame,
 And meerly mortal, set aside the Name.

That come unto its pitch, it did expire,
 Because it never cou'd get higher

And sooner fell, if it did soon acquire,
 As if the swiftness made it out of breath,
 And its perfection, not disease alone, but death.

II.

To prove this Fate, you'l with an Emblem meet
 Of Flowers that in strange perfumes smile,
 And with realities beguile,

As sweet as short, but ah! as short as sweet;

Or else they'l tell you that the day,
 Which laughs in the most vigorous ray,
 Can't last, but ends the sooner for its flight,

(2)

And weeps its glories in swift night :
Such Similies as these, my dearest Friend,
May suit with Verse, but not thy end,
He must name nothing else, that wou'd commend.
Pardon *Gray Vertues*, if I am so bold,
(And grief is so) to say that you are *Old* :

LINGARD was green, green as the World first was,
Born at full age, bearded with downy grafs,
Yet he was ripe, yea full as ripe as they,
Who to his Cradles colour live their way ;
For he was born just as he dyed, all grey.

Now I'll believe the man that did implore
That, or his joys, or wishes might be low'r,
Lest one exceeds the other thou'd devour,
That wish, dear *LINGARD*, fitted us for thee,
For if ere man was lov'd to death, then thou art he.

III.

Thy day of life as yet shone in its prime,
Fresh in its morning it did play,
In the young manhood of its day,
And had a journey to the noon of time,
Ne're dreamt of shades, but briskly ran,
When Death that grand Eclipse began,
And interpos'd dull Earth by a sad flight,
Hiding thy beams, has left poor us in night ;
Our little world looks dark for want of thee,
And such another light it scarce will see,
Till *the first last day* of Eternity.

Can't Death mistake? For sure it told
Thy aged parts, and therefore thought thee old.
Ah no! 'twas Heav'n call'd for its own,
All thoughts of Age it lets alone,
Time's not regarded there, nor known:
But Thee it knew, and therefore did approve,
Yet with a due respect to those above,
Better than Us they may, more they can't love.
Should it choose often so, mortals forgive,

If

(3)

If I affirm, 'twill soon become a shame to live:

IV.

Surely kind Heav'n will thy great loss repair,

And in exchange send us one down

To bear the honours of the Gown,

The double charge of Pulpit, and of Chair,

When to the sacred Schools he came,

How did he check, and snuff the flame

Of those whose passion was their cause,

And thought Divinity applause ;

I've seen him when small things arose,

The empty stratagems oppose,

And cut the hairs, and shave 'um close :

He'd give them scope, a Sea he'd let them have,

And talk in storms, and in huge tempests rave ;

But if the furious waves touch'd Heaven, he'd rise,

And like a *Neptune*, with his brow chastise,

And look all smooth, and fair as his own eyes :

He'd end those little wars with such success,

And with such satisfaction, one might guess,

The men themselves did know their own minds less ;

Were we not sure Heav'n no dispute can bear,

The Saints might choose him to the self same office there.

V.

But when he in the Pulpit did appear,

(The Pulpit now an empty place)

'Twas in such genuine Majestick grace ;

As if some Angel mov'd in his own sphere ;

He aim'd not at that shallow happiness

Of owing matter to a formal dress,

To cheat mens judgments never was his care,

He slighted painted words, and carved air.

Things in his words, no Picture there appears,

Things from him came so naked to the ears.

As if his Organs were not his, but theirs ;

Though much he spake, yet all was short he said,

He spake things almost just as they were made.

B

When

When he (as still he was at naming sin)
 In what a holy passion has he been,
 What extasies have Men and Angels seen?

To such a decent rage he'd grow,
 As if he knew not what he did ; but so
 He did it, as he always made us know :

Like healing spears his words 'gainst sin imploy'd,
 Did make Vice blush, and love to see it self destroy'd.

VI.

He seem'd to some that knew him, so inclin'd,
 Or rather tied to vertue so,
 That he was good ev'n whe'r he wou'd or no.
 For vertue was the very soul of's mind.

Severe he was to vice alone,
 Yet scarce then was his rage his own,
 So very mild his native meen,

And so extreamly hard to wean,
 That he, plain he, than whom was none,
 Hypocrisie could more disown,
 Was forc'd to counterfeit a trown ;

And this though just he was compell'd to do,
 First felt out with himself, and then with you:
 But all this vertue's buried ! can there be
 A Grave, a Tomb for immortality ?
 If vertue e're was mortal, twas in Thee.

A Feaver took him hence, a Feaver came,
 And snatch't him hence, oh giv't a better name,
 He cou'd not burn but in some holy flame.

Call it a Chariot of fire,
 He like a Prophet should retire,
 And all the Universe must thus expire,
 The Phoenix world like him one day,
 Will in bright flames refine its clay,
 And only purge the Accidents away ;
 For he it spoke with reverence to the skies,
 Bate them, and as he fell, we may expect he'l rise.

F I N I S.

Oratio Funebris habita in Aula Collegii Trinitatis
juxta *Dubl.* Novem. die decimo tertio, in Exe-
quiis Viri vere Reverendi **RICHARDI LIN-**
GARDI, S. T. D. & Professoris Pub. necnon
Decani *Lismorensis*.

Inventi mihi, Auditores, circumfusam hanc Coronam, tot funasti & lugubres
undique Vultus occurrunt, adeo Omnia Squalore insolito obfusa, ita mortui
plane visa sunt, ac si conventum bodiurnum habuissemus, non tam ad Sepe-
liendum Viri Clarissimi Cadaver, quam ad Representandum: Statuarum more,
ad illius obrigentes Monumentum. Flevimus nuper Nonnullorum Funera; ac
Lingardi obisupescimus Fatum: scilicet si tota Academia unico ictu evertere-
tur & in Collegium Omnium Animarum Transmigraret, lugendum minus esset
Infortunium, & licet ad tantum Funus celebrandum deesset forsitan Orator,
minus certe quam nunc desideraretur. Quod ad me attinet, de mortuo Lin-
gardo loquuturus, ipsum morientem refero, elanguescit Lingua, vox hæret fau-
cibus, nil nisi triste sonans & lethale: Sin attonitus minus extitisssem Orator,
ipsa tamen deessent verba vel nostris doloribus, vel (qua unica majora sunt) illius
meritis paria: neque enim æquum est ut amplius eloquium expectaretis, dum in
æternum sileat Lingardus. Jacet ille inter Silentium claustra taciturnus, vo-
calis nuper Mystra nec minus Oraculum, quique modo tonitru & fulgure missis de
vato vocibus, Numinis instar, eloquutus est; & tam celesti igne vel intactis
corporibus liquefecit Animas, silens eheu! ipse exanimisque jacet, Fulguris in-
flar, ipsa in coruscatione evanescent.

Sed ut eruditius lugeamus, & ut grata Lingardi Manibus fieret Parentatio,
attentius paulo perpendamus, quot Unico in Viro virtutes amissimus, quot Ar-
tium, & Naturæ dotes una cum illo interierunt, quæ quanquam infinita pene
sunt & majora quam quæ comprehendere poterint, aliquale tamen pietatis erit Indi-
cium illorum vel æmulari Scientiam; idemque de Lingardi Perfectionibus dici
potest, quod de divinis solet, quarum cognitionem Omnes expetere debent, licet
Nemo unquam sit assequutus.

Familia oriundus est antiqua satis, nec ignobili, licet nulla jactitet Stemmata,
vel dimidiatas Heroum Imagines, Protoplasto similis qui nullos æonoverat Ma-
jores sibi met ipse Origo fuit, & Complementum: Minora Sidera suum mutuuntur
Splendorem, Sol tantum nativâ gloriâ elucescit, idemque sæpe accidit Viris il-
lustrioribus, quod maximis Fluminibus, quorum Fontes sæpenuerò ignorantur.
Si doctrina verò faceret Heroas, à Patre Semone ortus est, Viro usque adeo eru-
dito ut (si quam Famæ fidem adhibeamus) insignioris notæ Theologum posteriora
hæc Sacula non produxere, præter unicum filium, adeo ut crederemus illum ex
traduce Theologum, & nasci Professorem.

At quia Piaculum esset quicquam de Lingardo nisi magnum barialari, aspi-
ciamus illum præteritis puerilibus annis, grandiore jam ætate provectum, ab A-
cademia exornatum, illamque rursus exornantem, à Cantabrigia ingentes hono-
res referentem, quibus non minores retribuerat, ubi brevissimo temporis inter-
vallo profectu, tanto adolevit ut Scientias universas ita noverit, uti nemo pene
Singular, utpote qui naturâ, & Artibus usus est similiter liberalibus Dilectissi-
mum hunc Alumnum diu amplectebatur Granta, sed Ignobilium & vulgi Fatum
est, nisi in Civitate suâ ignorari, nec nascebatur Lingardus Ephemeridi similis,
in usum unius tantam Regionis. Huc igitur accersitur, Ac nescio scdne utrum
maiores

...
 flum. Spemque salutis ad ...
 ita, mores, potiusque ...
 veram etiam ...
 in Ecclesiam purificanda, ...
 nec minus quam ...
 in Stabula conversa sunt. Totas Schismatum ...
 poterat, diraque illa Sectariorum capita, ...
 dem vel ad aras juravit Sacer Hannibal, ...
 Aceto semper edacior, adeo ut in illo ...
 Britanniae gloria occiderit.

Sic regnavit diu Doctrinae, Ingenii, & Virtutum Princeps, diu & ...
 Rivali regnatorum; Insuperque haec Animi dotes tali comitate ...
 Echaritate ejus nil unquam universum magis, praeter Eruditionem, ...
 pus erat ut ad stabilendum ejus Imperium, Sultanorum more, suis occideret ...
 tres.

Quantam perspicuitate tetexit Scholasticorum telas? adeo ut Flaccus ...
 quisque, Arachnes ad instar, propriis visceribus fatalia sibi fila traxisset ...
 tur; ac si Romani isti Pugiles, ut Romani Gladiatores, intrarent ...
 tantum ac occiderentur. Eorum ingenti illius luce edanuerunt tenuia ...
 Sophismata, nec amplius subtile audiant, nec Angelici, nec Irrefragabiles ...
 cula ejus vel à Sera Posteritate memorabuntur, tanquam Numinis ...
 si cum ipsius Orbis interitu peritura; quique tot divina pandit mysteria ...
 vigeat, effloreatque semper Scholae perpetuus Diffusor.

Cum vero pro Rostris peroraret, quam sacro horrore perterritus audierat ...
 Conciones illae suadentes gratiam ipsius gratia infusa, placida ...
 animum, (sed irresistibiliter. Quam caelesti furore caelestia profudit verba? ...
 rabile certe est illum non zelo citius & pietate, quam febre tabuisse. ...
 verò tandem hostili morbo adortus, & propria Fortitudine proditus, ...
 Fortunam, qua divisi Orbis & sui ipsius Viribus labefacta est. ...
 omnes glorias, inter omnia Trophaea defunctus, vel medio in triumpho ...
 mortalem meminisse. Sic virescunt flores donec ad summam pervenerint ...
 tudinem, & nimio calore exarescunt; medià in aetate mortuus Laniam refert, qui ...
 nunquam nisi cum plena sit, patitur Eclipsin. Quid mirum jam si Ecclesia ...
 ret cujus Basis facta est cinis, cujus Columna Sepulchrum est? Quicunque ...
 seatis in posterum Vinctores ad illius tumulum, sistite pedes, & cognoscite ...
 publici doloris nunquam extitisse Monumentum quam Lingardi Cadaver. ...
 in illius jacere Rogo sui Seculi delicias & miraculum; Theologorum ...
 Amicorum fidelissimum, in quantum denique pateretur humana ...
 do quaque consummatum: nec amplius miremini barbara barbarorum ...
 ta, miraculorum nomine cobonestantes, sub hoc quippe Adarmore ...
 pelitur, id enim sonat Lingardus, vigetque Fama are Corinthiaca & ...
 perenniore, Pyramide Fama, cujus Basis terram aquas latitudine, ...
 los sublimitate, Fama quae semper ad sidera aspirabit, quaeque ipsi ...
 eva, Pyramidis instar, nullas unquam umbras admittit.



F I N I S.